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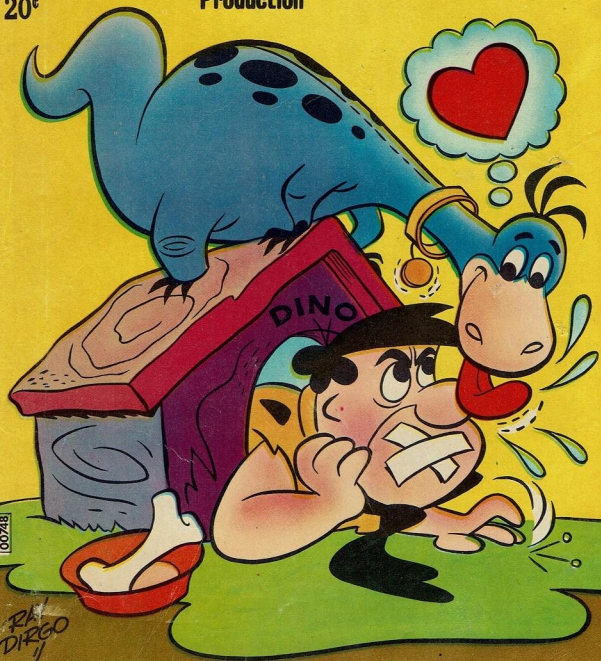
The *ALL NEW STORIES and ART* FLINTSTONES

APPROVED
BY THE
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AUTHORITY

NO. 11
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a Hanna-Barbera and PEBBLES
Production

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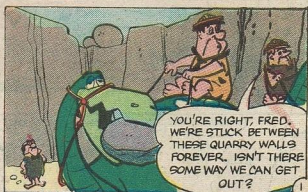
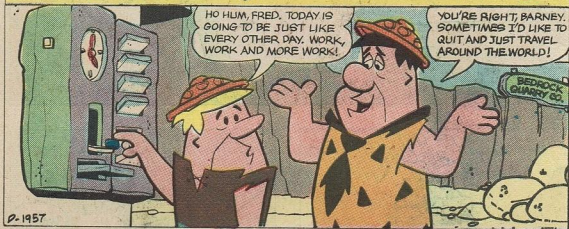


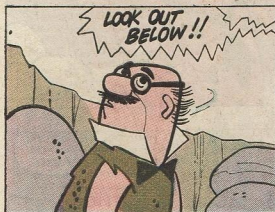
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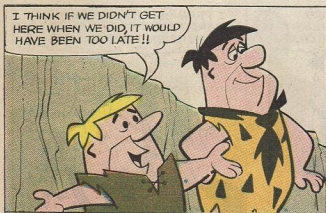
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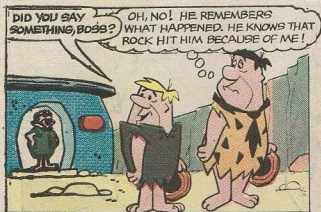
THE FLINTSTONES in

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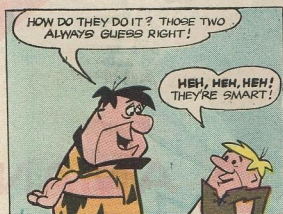








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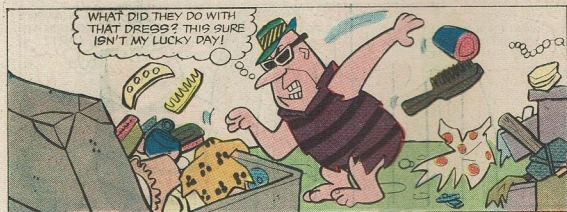


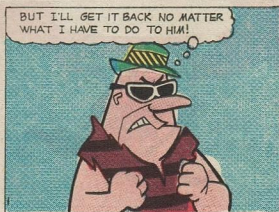


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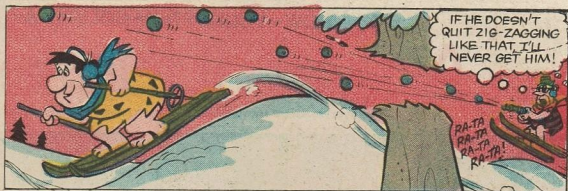




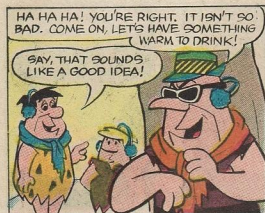
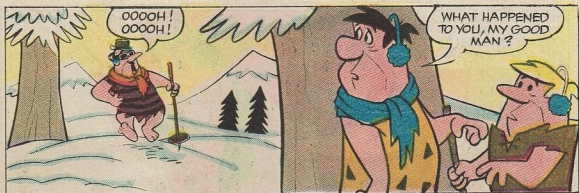




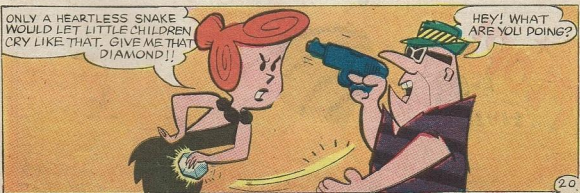
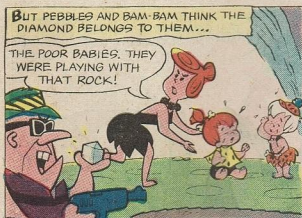
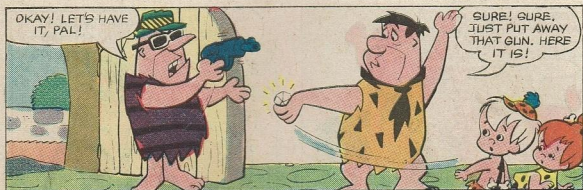


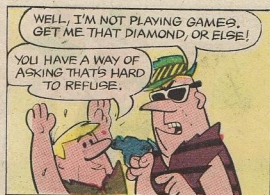


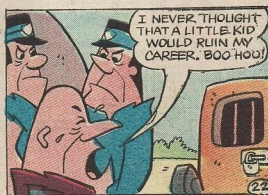




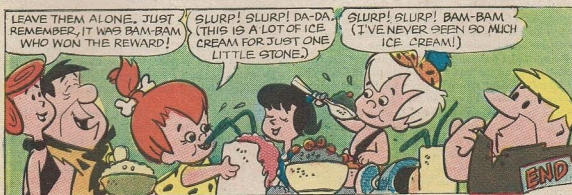
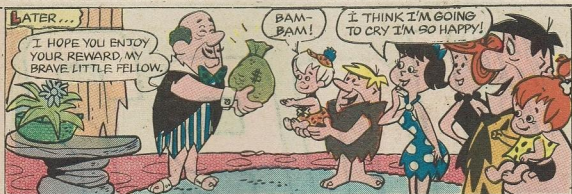








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WHO IS JOE?

A girl wants to meet a nice fellow and marry him. Sounds simple in sentence form, but there are three separate ideas involved. One is that she first has to meet a fellow. Second, is, that having met him, he turns out to be nice. Granted, that these two do take place, we still have the third idea: He has to be willing to get married - and to the girl concerned. So girls go looking for what they like to term, "eligible men." Or in other words: "Husband Hunting."

How do you meet a fellow? A lot of girls meet men in what we call "Blind Dates." Suppose we let Helen Casini tell you her story of how she met a certain young man and what happened.

"My mother always insisted that it was most important I marry a man of my own background and faith. Otherwise, she would point out, you got a lot more problems on your hand. He doesn't have to make a lot of money. He has to be honest and like you. Keep that in mind. O. K. So I agree with my mother. But she sort of forgot to tell me where to find him. And then one day, Alice Burrows calls me up on the phone.

"My boy friend Jimmy is coming over this evening. He's bringing a friend. Want to go out on a blind date? We'll stick together so you have nothing to worry about."

And so that is how I met Joe Jagione. I can't say I was a bit excited over meeting him. Jimmy drove me home in his car and Joe took my phone number. Said he would give me a call later in the week. I simply dismissed this as something a man has in his usual routine with girls. But imagine how surprised I was when he called me on Thursday night. Said he had two tickets for the season's best musical. Would I go with him? I got so mixed up I almost forgot to say Yes!

When we came to the theatre there were a lot of people who greeted him by his first name. Later he took me to a new night club. The head-waiter took one look at him.

"For you, Joe, the best isn't too good."

When he took me home he didn't even try to

kiss me. Said he had a wonderful time. He would call me again for another date. I didn't sleep at all. I was thrilled, excited and worried. Maybe he was in the rackets? Something about the way people spoke to him - but I couldn't figure it out. Anyway he calls again and he takes me out. Same thing all over again. I was worried. Who was Joe?

When he called for me at my house, I put it right on the line. I told him I was beginning to like him and I didn't want any trouble. If he was in the rackets - just say so. How he did laugh! He took me in his arms and kissed me. Now what could I do? I sort of kissed him right back.

"Monday morning you come to my place with me. Where I work. You watch what I do."

So on Monday morning he calls for me and takes me to where he works. And what do you think it was? The leading barber shop in town where they specialized in haircuts for the theatrical profession and others who had to look very well. I sit down and watch Joe, who was a first class artist, give a haircut to Tony Winsor, the singer. Then the boss comes over to me.

"You can help me out, please. You are Joe's girl so I know you are o. k. My cashier got sick. I can trust you at the register."

Before the day was over I met a lot of big people in that barber shop. And the boss asked if I could come in for the rest of the week. His cashier would be out all that time.

"Sure," was my one word reply.

So that's how I learned my boy friend was honest, a hard worker, and he likes me. Also I see he gets tickets for shows and also invitations to restaurants. He gives me a ring two months later.

"I bought an interest in the barber shop," he tells me. "But I still work a chair."

All this happened ten years ago. I'm the happiest wife in the world. I would like to add just this: Our three kids have the best haircuts in town!